

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second-Class Matter.

State College
Washington
Library

VOL. III. NO. 2.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 106.

A MISAPPREHENSION, BROTHER.

The editor invited me to write something occasionally for DISCONTENT and at my first appearance calls me a liar. (1) I'll pass his lack of politeness, (perhaps it is a part of the creed of Communism that neither property nor politeness exist,) and ask if it is really a fact that my strictures are not true? (2)

Is it not possible that G. H. Allen has mistaken himself for "nearly everyone"? (3) No doubt "nearly everyone" thinks all of Mr. Allen's and my own ideas are erroneous, for the masses are noted for their ignorance and fidelity to blind leadership; but is it a fact that radical, liberty-loving people think that my criticisms of Communism were not true? (4) What did I say? Let it be borne in mind that I said nothing against voluntary Communism, although I freely admit that I believe it is a shiftless affair, sure to break up in disorder. (5) If, however, any number of people prefer that way of living, and will compel no others to live that way, (6) that is, not appropriate the earnings of others, I consider the affair none of my business whatever. I said that in all probability there would never be a time when everyone would advocate Communism, and as long as one individual is opposed to it, universal Communism would be invasion, (7) which Anarchists oppose, and I stand by that statement.

Will Mr. Allen deny that Communists claim the right to invade others? (8) Do not Communists claim the right to appropriate the products of labor wherever found? (9) Isn't the product of my labor my property? (10) Why is it "not clear reasoning to talk of the products of labor as property"? If I know anything about the English language (I don't pretend to know much) property means ownership. (11) Now, if I am not the owner of the products of my own labor, who is? (12) It will take a "theological mind," I think, to understand how I have a just claim to the products of my neighbor's labor and no right to my own.

Mr. Allen says: "Take the case of the postoffice, which part of it does Comrade Wilson own? Does shiftlessness and disorder result?" I own no part of the postoffice. It is a government monopoly. The managers deny me the right to engage in the mail carrying business, thus invading my liberty. Mr. Allen's allusion to the postoffice gives his VOLUNTARY Communism dead away. According to that, Communism is nothing more nor less than State Socialism. Mr. Allen will have to choose between no bosses and disorder and plenty of bosses and no liberty if he intends to stick to Communism. His reference to the postoffice, a sample of compulsory Socialism, and the Odd Fellows, a voluntary cooperative association, shows that he needs to draw a little more distinct line between voluntary and compulsory Communism. (13) His utter lack of business ability is well

illustrated in the statement that "Communism has nothing to say of the manner of conducting a business, (14) but of the division of the products only." That would be a snap, indeed, but suppose there were no products to divide, as would be likely to be the case where the consumers have nothing to say about the manner of production. I shall continue to insist on a little more liberty than permission to produce as much as I can and let tramps divide it.

Amesbury, Mass. J. A. WILSON.

1. Surely a misapprehension, comrade, unless you can construe a statement of a difference of opinion to mean that; if so, you will often be called a liar in that way, because Communism has a firm foundation not to be shaken by unsupported statements. I am not the editor of DISCONTENT.

2. Certainly not true when applied to voluntary Communism (the only true Communism).

3. Most assuredly not.

4. Certainly they are not true when applied to voluntary Communism.

5. You found a good deal to say of Comrade Morton's Communism which is nothing else but voluntary. Hence, I think it was fair to infer you were attacking Communism as he advocated it.

6. A true Communist compels no one.

7. That kind of conduct is foreign to the communistic ideal.

8. I do.

9. Never heard of such an assumption. I have heard it stated that some Communists would take the products of labor now accumulated in the hands of the nonproducers and give it over to the workers to be divided as they see fit. This may be what you mean.

10. It ought to be, but is it?

11. You are right, but I said it was "not clear reasoning to talk of women and products of labor both as property."

12. You ought to be the sole owner of the products of your own labor; no one has the right to deprive you of any of them against your will. But are you?

13. As to the illustration I gave of the postoffice and a block of buildings owned by the L. O. G. F. see my answer to E. C. Walker in DISCONTENT, No. 105.

14. You misunderstand. The idea conveyed by the word Communism is common ownership to be sure, but all Communists believe that each should use the products according to the needs of each person. Thus Communism (i. e., the meaning of the word itself) has nothing to say of the production. Communists believe in production being carried on in any way that may be for their best interests. A man may produce alone or in connection with others, but what makes him a Communist is his manner of dividing the products, not how he produces them.

Now that we may understand each other better I wish to state that I am a voluntary Communist. I defend no other kind. I think every man who

would deal fairly with his fellows is a Communist. If I am strong in body or mind I should not act as though I made myself thus. There are all grades of ability from the one who can do very little to the one who can do very much. Now, should I, because of my ability, get the best living while my weaker brothers get a poorer living or starve. I think not. Therefore I wish to share with them, and I know of no better way than voluntary Communism. I may lack business ability, but since business is only another name for swindling or legal robbery I plead guilty. I am an Anarchist also; therefore an Anarchist Communist. Now, don't rake me over because some other fellow calling himself an Anarchist Communist said so and so. I'll stand by what I say, let them do the same. My watchword is liberty first, cooperation afterwards, whether it is in the form of voluntary Socialism or Communism. I prefer the latter.

G. H. ALLEN.

A LITTLE TALK.

VII.

J.—I look upon Anarchists as a class of bad people. It looks to me that the system of Anarchy is productive of assassins and vicious characters.

B.—Sir! The vicious characters, the persons you allude to—assassins and men of bad principles—are not Anarchists, nor are they the products of the system of Anarchy. Deeds of violence committed by men who are, both by themselves and others, styled Anarchists are, by the very deeds they commit, proved to be not Anarchists, but desperadoes with hearts filled with hatred for all persons whom they suspect to be responsible for the wrongs they suffer. Born into the world with government in full force they accept it as a matter of course, and only seek to remedy evil by inflicting pain upon others. These men are not Anarchists nor are they the products of the system of Anarchy. They are the products of the system of society as established and practiced today; the product of the present social system, the product of a government—men actuated by the conditions prescribed by government and not students of the principles of Anarchy. Men who have not made a study of the principles of Anarchy and have not come to understand, indorse and act those principles, may do violence, but that is not the act of an Anarchist. Such men do violence to nature to accomplish their personal ends—such is the assassin you allude to; he has only contempt for his fellowman and does the deed of an assassin to gratify his personal desire. This is directly opposite to the principles of Anarchy. Anarchy declares all man-made law an unrighteous interference with the natural rights of man; hence it would abolish government and all governmental restrictions; it respects the rights of all men to perfect liberty as a right we cannot dispose of, even as individuals by

our own voluntary act. Anarchy holds human life sacred, hence the assassin cannot be called an Anarchist. Anarchy is perfect compliance with the requirements of nature and holds that nature alone has the right to take human life; it would not harm men or persons to accomplish its ends. But there is another assassin much more dangerous to human life and far more damaging to the welfare of mankind. This bold assassin is called "a government." It makes and unmakes law to suit its aims, tramples all law underfoot, and enforces its dictates in violation of natural law (all for the greed of place-seekers and moneygetters) and is the first to resort to law, or the manufacture of a new law, when it will serve the purpose of its favored beneficiaries.

J.—I can find no fault with the principles of Anarchy as you propound them to me, yet Anarchy seems to progress very slowly.

B.—In the very nature of things it must come slow; it has everything to contend with, and it cannot come till these contending forces are, in a measure, at least, subdued. We have the people to enlighten and the favorites of capitalism to overcome."

J. The people don't seem to get enlightened very fast.

B. Whoever is looking for a great change, all of a sudden, is looking for too much. It cannot be; the habits and principles of the people must first be changed and that can only be done by healthy growth. But, to get something of an idea of the steady progress of reform ideas and principles of Anarchy, let us look back to the year of the trial of the Chicago Anarchists. At that time it was almost a crime to entertain single tax ideas, and everybody thought as the press and superstitions and ignorance of the people taught them to think. People believed Anarchists to be devils incarnate bent on destroying the world. Nobody dared or had a desire to preach the principles of Anarchy, in fact, few persons knew what the principles were. I myself was then a Single Taxer, or a follower of Henry George, and knew nothing of Anarchy; in fact, an Anarchist was a thing unknown in the eastern states; now the woods are full of them, and we preach the doctrine while our opponents prey upon the people. In the west Anarchists go in swarms.

J. How came you to be an Anarchist?

B. I studied, and the more I studied the more I knew. A. A. ORCUTT.

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform.—Jerrold.

A writer in the Coming Nation wants a leader for the labor movement. The only commander for the labor movement will be General Intelligence.—Ex.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to Discon-
TENT, Home, Wash.

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.

"The grave, the gay, the stripling and
the dunce,
Stand up, God bless us, physicians all
at once."

Dr. I. H. Tilden, Denver, Colo., says in the June edition of *A Stuffed Club*, "The world, or that part of it interested in healing, is divided into materialists and mentalists. The materialists have held full sway for the most part in the past but there is a reaction now upon us which promises to swing as far in the opposite direction. He suggests that materialists learn a lesson from materialists and guard themselves against running to extremes. He says: "Mind and matter are one; neither can exist without the other. . . A medical theory must recognize both as one. There is a material side as well as a mental side. . . A cure for everyone can be found in proper thinking and correct living. Drugs do not cure wrong life. Believing there is no wrong life except in the thinking will not cure illness due to ignorance and stupidity." He gives the Christian Scientist a rap by saying, "The world can be made again; other worlds can be made, but it will take world material. The 'I am' can remove mountains if you give the 'I am' leverage enough." But the idea "of gluttonous who stuff themselves in a shameful fashion, filling themselves with rot, then, when nature has been outraged beyond endurance and the ignoramuses are being punished with great suffering for their incorrigible stupidity, they will telegraph miles away for some healer to give them silent treatment. Oh, sacred simplicity!" And yet, in mentioning *Christian*, a monthly magazine by Thomas J. Shelton, Denver, Colo., he says: Brother Shelton is all right. He is a good tonic. Taken as a remedy he opposes inertia."

I had in mind to write an article on "Christian Science," but from what investigation I have been enabled to make I concluded that it is but one form of religious fancy at best; its truth can be demonstrated only to those predisposed to believe in the "God idea." That mysterious "something or other" which shall lead "my children Israel." I have opposed it as I have all religious fancy, believing it based upon the idea of some protective genius, ever tending to encourage dependency, subserviency and uniformity, which I consider most dangerous to my ideal individualism. This "protective genius" was born of ignorance and superstition, and has been the most important factor in the evolution of society. Like every evil, it has been a seeming necessity, but intelligence and reason, accumulating facts and recording experiences, are demonstrating its existence a fallacy. My idea is to encourage this intelligence and reason rather than attack superstition as untrue. It is rather unsafe for a man to denounce a thing as untrue simply be-

cause it appears so. "As a man thinketh so is he." Had I received the evidence some claim to have received I, too, might have been a believer in "spirit power." But my investigation has had too much negation. It was not pursued with any emotional desire. I said to predisposition as well as prejudice, "Get thee behind me Satan."

And so I would shelve Christian Science as simply one phase of the "God idea," merely remarking in passing that it is a conception of science I cannot accept and have ceased to be much interested in.

I am more interested in men than any system of belief; and I have an idea that men's belief amounts to but little unless it can be made an adjunct of commercialism. In this connection it works like a charm with friend Shelton. I have no envy nor blame for the men who thus make it pay. I realize that so long as gulls are game snares will be constructed to catch them.

I agree with Dr. Tilden that "will is another name for health; education is another name for will; will is built on want."

I admire the writings of T. J. Shelton, and detect many symptoms of the true physician. He advocates true individualism. In "Christian" for April he says: "The man or woman who follows me goes directly in opposition to my teaching. Follow your own spirit! This is the bugle call I am sounding for all the world. The only god that you should worship is the I am within yourself." And again: "Why, bless you, to organize individualists would be to destroy the individual. . . Therefore, you see, my church hasn't but one member in it. . . The institution was first organized with a club in the hands of a savage chief. It is now perpetuated by the cannon and the sword, and the rules and regulations of organizations. But government by the individual, for the individual, and in the individual, is the ultimate end of all governments. . . There is no other judge than the one that sits enthroned within you."

It makes a world of difference the standpoint from which we see things. In the June edition he says: "The one who shines my shoes is not my servant; if conditions were reversed I would shine his shoes with pleasure. . . Work in the kitchen is just as honorable as in the office." I think he would have some difficulty in making this truth plain to those girls who work for Elbert Hubbard for \$2 a week and board themselves rather than in the kitchen at \$3 and board.

"The stoker who heats the boiler is just as honorable as the captain who commands the ship." Perhaps; but I notice friend Shelton prefers to be captain, all the same. In his narrative "Introducing an Individualist" (May edition) he says: "I had lost my pulpit, lost my friends, my wife had secured a divorce, and I had spent nearly all my money; the only thing I had left was prophetic power, to see and hear the future. . . I never played the beggar, but always acted the prince, even when I only had a nickel in my pocket, therefore I was in a large room in one of the best hotels."

Here we see the daring will which scorns such trivial things as cash payment for hotel accommodations and suggests the advice of the father: "Get

riches, my son, honestly, my dear boy, if you can, but, GET RICHES." I know friend Shelton has entered the inner temple, holds direct communication with the "Sun," is instructed and guided by the "Spirit," the great "I AM" and is fast becoming infallible through his implicit faith in I Am that I Am. His conception is all Greek to me. And in the careful reading I have given to his theory I fail to see wherein it differs from the general "God idea" which was born of ignorance and superstition. Friend Shelton is a "non resistant" and believes that "whatever is, is right." Poverty, disease and death is simply the result of our struggle against fate. Could we but accept the goods the gods offer and be content, happiness would reign supreme. Now this is in direct opposition to my theory. Discontent with me is the true mother of progress. Rebellion and resistance to authority is the path to true civilization. Intelligent resistance is fast superseding the brutal, but even the brutal is better than non resistance. Still, I love to read the writings of Shelton and agree with Dr. Tilden that "he is all right, a good tonic." But I cannot see that his theory, at least, "opposes inertia," though his words provoke thought and thought opposes inertia. And so I say read Shelton. You will find something of the true physician there.

East Elma, N. Y. A. L. BALLOU.

DOESN'T BELIEVE IN HERO WORSHIP.

As a reader of that magazine, "The Philistine," I am inclined to agree with A. L. Ballou when he says (in *Discontent* of June 29) that he looks upon Elbert Hubbard as one of nature's noblemen. I do not know and never have seen Fra Albertus, but, strange to say, though I gobble everything he writes with pleasurable avidity, my desire to see him and shake hands with him is very mild. I might be disappointed, you know, for I have been there before.

In the ante-bellum days, in the late fifties, when that apple of discord—slavery—was trying men's souls in and out of congress, and was laying bare the character of men whom otherwise you would never have found out, I used to hugely admire Senator Hale, of Maine, and greedily look for his speeches and remarks on the slavery question. I was very young then and naturally admired courage, moral courage; and in those days it took plenty of it to be an outspoken abolitionist. Ergo, Hale was one of my heroes. But, in the course of time, misfortune overtook me. I met my hero at a small social gathering in New York City, and presto, the pedestal which my youthful enthusiasm had built under him fell to pieces, and there stood, on the bare floor, nothing more formidable than a pompous, well-fed and well-groomed nonentity! Since that day I have always been content to admire my heroes from a safe distance. The chances are that Brother Hubbard, personally, would pan out as satisfactorily as his writings, but why run unnecessary risks?

If Mr. Ballou has run that risk, which presumably he has, he did not make anything by it, for it blurred his judgment on that Message to Garcia. There is not a sign in that little sketch of Mr. Ballou's bugbear of "obedience to authority," "duty the employe owes the employer," and other phantoms which

so many reformers and agitators keep throwing their javelins at. That man (what was his name) made a free contract with Mr. McKinley to do a certain thing, i. e. deliver a message, whereupon he did no more and no less than he had agreed to do; he delivered the message. What under the sun has that to do with duty of employe to employer, obedience to authority and all that stuff? Other parties besides Mr. Ballou have already given themselves away by showing that the point of the story, the moral of it, as the Brothers Primm used to say, is beyond their vision. It would be safe to bet that the manager of that great railroad, whom Mr. Ballou mentions as having distributed a thousand or more copies of that message among the men, is somewhat wiser and longer headed than the average railway manager in this country. No matter whether an employe or manager be a tyrant or a small potato, or both, the employe who does the work he agreed to do, and does it well, is a man. The others are flunkies, and your manager knows it. If he tries to improve the character and stamina of his flunkies by giving them Brother Hubbard to read, he helps the men as well as himself, and he is only to be applauded for it.

For an outside barbarian it is difficult, nay impossible, to share Mr. Ballou's opinion—that the writing of that Message to Garcia "was an instance when Mr. Hubbard was small." To my view, from where I sit, he looms up a very Jumbo of a just and intelligent man.

Burlington, Ia. WERNER BOECKLIN.

Capitalism teaches that poverty is caused by idleness. Those who teach this live in idleness themselves off the labor of those they deceive. It is true that some of the poor are poorer than others on account of idleness, but all the workers all over the world are poor. Idleness does not make the rich poor; it makes them fat. Work does not make a poor man rich any more than it makes a poor horse fat. The rich do not perform the world's labor, the working animals, the masses and the machinery do it. When the masses cease to be asses the rich will lose their most valuable ass-sets.

Capitalism teaches that poverty is caused by extravagance. This is true; the extravagance and luxury of the idle rich cause the poverty of the poor, for all wealth is created and sustained by labor. We are also taught that poverty is caused by ignorance. This is especially true; but what is the cause of ignorance? Here it is: Education is controlled by capitalism, and it is to the interest of the ruling class to keep the people in ignorance of the most vital facts of life. Capitalism depends for its existence on ignorance, and now the battle is on this line, and all the powers of darkness are leagued in one confederacy to prevent the light of truth and justice from reaching the minds and souls of the people. It is the last plague but one, the plague of darkness; and next will come the angel of destruction and deliverance.—Ex.

The man who is truly selfish knows that it is to his interest to live in the best possible relation with the best possible society. Not until the principle of an enlightened individualism is applied to all lives can it be applied with full advantage in any life.—Victor E. Southworth.

CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

CHAPTER VII.

When Jennie Blake left Younkers she was told that she could have the same situation the following year. "I do not know just what arrangement I will make, but after consulting with my mother will let you know, Miss Gaskell." What a merry homecoming. Mrs. Blake had grown proud of her daughter, and Ida loved her.

"You have been mother, sister and friend to me. I can never repay you."

"I do not wish to be repaid. Be happy, and, above all things, respect yourself; you know what an effect a mother's thoughts can have on her child, and we want as nearly a perfect child as possible. You have all the conditions you need—no worry, no toil, plenty to read and study, good food, and we all love you. There is one thing you must do, go out more. Now that I am home we will go out riding. No, there is nothing that need cause you shame. Is there anything more sacred than life? Long ago, when people knew more than they do now, and the source of life was worshiped, the organs of generation were considered sacred; and why not? Full of mystery was life. The most sacred, the most solemn, thing was the creative act. All around them they saw birth, growth and decay, but the springing into life was the most wonderful, the most mysterious, and so the Phallic worship was the earliest known. The cross is a symbol of that worship, in fact nearly all the symbols used in the Christian worship has reference to that ancient cult. No, we will not be ashamed of anything natural. The little one that is coming will have nothing for which to be ashamed and will receive a warm welcome, for we will love the child."

Such, in part, was the advice Jennie gave. Of course, questions were asked, but curiosity seekers were not gratified, and though there was some gossip it did very little harm. Among those most anxious to know all about Ida was Belle Carrol.

"Where is her husband, or has she a husband?" Belle asked.

"Ida is my friend, and I do not care to discuss her or her husband," Jennie answered quietly but firmly.

"Well, I am thankful that I know where my husband is," Belle retorted. And afterward, while telling of her suspicions to a neighbor, Belle said:

"Shameless hussy. Do you know she was sewing on some baby clothes and kept right on and never seemed the least bit ashamed when I went in. Now, when anyone comes to see me I always hide such sewing, no one ever catches me at it."

"Well, I don't know as it really makes so much difference; you can't fool anyone, for with all your lacing and tight clothes everybody that sees you can tell what is the matter with you."

With that consoling remark the conversation ended.

Ida, dressed in loose wrappers, was comfortable and the child was given all chances to grow.

"Let nature do her work; she will not make many mistakes unless thwarted," Mrs. Blake had said and Ida followed the advice.

A brother of Mrs. Blake died, and as she was the nearest relative, he having no family, his property became hers. Upon inquiry they found that the property consisted of a few thousands of ready money and two farms. It seemed to be necessary that some one should look over those farms and sell them if possible. It was decided that Jennie was the one to go, and that she should go the next week. That night she wrote to Miss Gaskell declining the proffered position, and also wrote to Rollin Carr telling him of the journey she was going on and asking him to come and see her before she left. He did not wait to answer the letter, but the next evening found him there saying:

"I have answered your letter in person, my dear, and I want to go and visit those farms with you. It will be a lonely trip by yourself, but a delightful one taken with me. May I go?"

"What an egotistical man you are! Yes, I think it would be much pleasanter for us to take the journey together and I really do not like to transact all the business. Do you know that it may take several weeks?"

"What of it? This is my vacation, and I can spare the time."

Jennie made no reply, but her face grew sober.

"Of what are you thinking?"

"Of the consequences. If we go off together openly we will be ostracized, though I do not know as I care much for that, but should it come to the ears of the faculty of your college—and it will, for such news travels fast—you will be asked to step down and out. Oh, Rollin, the world is a hard place in which to live. According to the accepted standard no love is pure unless sanctioned by church or state and in some countries it takes both together."

"Then suppose we get church and state to pronounce those words and give us the right to travel together, to live together, to love each other."

Jennie looked at him anxiously and then laughed as she saw the smile that curved his lips.

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind; I love my freedom too well; but sometimes I become something of a coward. If you are willing to abide by the consequences I will go with you."

Mrs. Blake had become accustomed to Jennie's preaching by this time but she did not like the practicing.

"Oh, Jennie, what will folks say? Your reputation will be ruined. You know well enough that if there is no reason for talk, no real reason I mean, that they will talk anyway."

"Now, mother dear, if they will talk anyway, how can I help it? If I don't they will talk, and if I do they will talk, so what is one to do? No one can blame you, mother; I am old enough to take care of myself."

"I know it, Jennie, and all your talking of freedom is all right. The theory is beautiful, but how are you going to put it in practice?"

"Just practice it that is all. There are many who live that theory, some openly and some otherwise. I intend to carry out my ideas and be honest about it. Of course there are people who will look down on me and who will do all they can to harm me, but I will win. The only thing that worries me is to know that you feel so badly. You know that the only thing that makes marriage

sacred is love. I know that Rollin loves me and he knows that I love him. Our love does not need any word from preacher or squire to make it sacred. I want no one bound to me except by the chords of love."

Rollin Carr and Jennie Blake went to the western farms and enjoyed the trip. How could it be otherwise? Equals intellectually, they had many interesting topics of conversation. Many subjects that were tabooed in "polite society" were unreservedly discussed. Vulgar? Obscene? It all depends on how you look at it. If you can tell what is vulgar, if you can tell what is obscene, you can do more than I can. If a Turkish woman is seen with uncovered head she is immoral. If a woman's skirts go only to her knees she is—shady, to say the least, but the same woman can wear a dress so low that it shows the curve of the bust and, if it is at a full dress reception, her moral character is not questioned; in this case the question of morality depends on which end of her dress is shortened. Really, it is a mere question of climate and geographical lines. Custom dictates what shall be worn and how we shall act. We all do as Grundy commands and if she said: "It is very immoral to let your nose be seen; show all the rest of your body, but keep that awful nose covered," we would undoubtedly follow her mandate. Nature must be repressed and all freedom of speech forbidden, until it has become a fact that a really natural woman cannot be found—one who is at all times natural. She does not dare! And Jennie Blake, while she knew that her ideas were correct, that morally she was right, could not be her own true self except in the presence of Rollin Carr.

"I feel ashamed of my weakness, yet I dare not express my convictions to any of my so-called friends. They could not understand me, for they have never thought that there could be any other way than the present one. They take their religion as they do their meals—ready cooked. One sect gives a little more pepper, another adds a pinch of spice, but the foundation of all is the same. Without a thought that there may be anything better, or more soul satisfying, they live on the husks of a worn-out religion and dry conventional usage."

"Yes, Jennie, I understand you and can sympathize with you, for a woman's life is harder than a man's. He, the man, can trample on conventionalities time and again, and few, if any, remember it against him, and if he has wealth and position he is allowed entree in 'good society,' as it is called, but she, because she has been true to her own nature, is ignored and brutally urged downward. It is hard for me to understand how a woman can live for years with a man as his wife and have no love for him nor he for her. Could the regulation hell be any more horrible? And yet many people live that way. It is nothing but legalized prostitution. A woman sells herself for a home, for clothes and food, and if the sale is to one man only and for life it is perfectly proper."

"If he has a paper title," Jennie laughingly replied.

The farms were found in good condition. One of them they sold to the ten-

ant who had lived there for years, the other they rented for a year.

"This is a lovely place, and I do not think I will sell it. There are great possibilities in this part of the country, and I have a plan that I think I can work out. At least I will rent it only for a year."

As Jennie did not disclose her plan Rollin asked no questions. The business being finished they returned home. A few days after their arrival a friend of Mrs. Blake was spending the afternoon with her.

"Is Jennie married?"

"No, she isn't."

"Didn't she and that teacher go west together?"

"Yes, they did."

"Well, I wouldn't let a girl of mine go off like that and no other girl along. Don't you know, Maria Blake, that she will be the town talk? I wouldn't have my girl in Jennie Blake's shoes."

Jennie coming into the room just then heard the remark and smilingly said:

"Mrs. Brown, I do not need Amanda's shoes, and probably I could not wear them if I had them. As for being the 'town talk' someone must occupy that position, and why not I? You know the old query—'is it anybody's business what another's business is?' If it is not their business people make it so."

There was a dignity and reserve about Jennie that repelled familiarity and Mrs. Brown did not care to say any more to her, but she and many others kept their tongues wagging and Ida and Jennie were "the town talk." How like a sweet morsel it was.

"When one is so closemouthed you can just look out that they are afraid to let their acts be known."

"It is coming a little quicker than I thought," Jennie said to Rollin, but I care little for what people say, and I am determined to live my own life."

"I will live my life, and we will be happy if we live as we desire," Rollin answered.

(To be continued.)

It gives the man of sentiment a pang of sorrow to walk down Fifth avenue any afternoon and realize what a frightful struggle for mere existence this life is. There hundreds of people gather to get the first editions of the afternoon papers, not for the news of the war in Lozon or Natal, nor even for information of local events, but to read the "wants." Eagerly buying, perhaps with their last pennies, copies of papers they hurriedly scan the page containing "situations offered" and dart away up street or down in search of a place to earn something to "keep the wolf from the door." Their haste is born of the fear that somebody else will secure the position before they can reach the person offering it. And it frequently happens that 100 men and boys will apply for a single place within an hour after it is stated in the public prints that it is open. Thus the struggle goes on from day to day until, occasionally at least, a jump from the high bridge at Lincoln park or a revolver shot in South Clark street violently ends it.—Chicago Letter.

A condition of things in which the laborer exists only for the pleasure and benefit of the owners of the means of production and distribution is a condition of slavery.—Horace Greeley.

LOVE IS FAMILIARITY.

A. Allen Noe's frankness and naivete are charming and delightful. It is this one thing that tempts me to attempt to answer his question. Well, now, it is a large order. Way back in old English poetry, Robene, who "sat on a gud grene hill kipand a flock of fie," was doubtful on the same subject. "Mirry Makyne fell dead in love with him in the forenoon and chased him ail over the lot; but Robene could only answer: "I knaw not quat is luf." In the afternoon, however, things were different. Makyne had outlived her passion and Robene was then the victim. The old poem gives a pretty good example of how the fearful thing works. I will make a plunge into the deep, I will shoot an arrow into the air. To explain love is to explain pleasure, beauty, religion and metaphysics in general. In the first place, a man does not live his life in one generation or ten. Late discoveries in Egypt show a high civilization 8,000 years ago. I shouldn't wonder if animal life on the planet were a million years old. From the first animal that ever lived our heredity begins. A boy lives to the age of 14, then all that has been comes upon him. Ages of love have made it thrilling, beautiful, delicious. The rose is the oldest flower mentioned in history; its beauty and fragrance are almost worshiped. It is race familiarity does the trick. More familiarity than that with which the race is familiar is unfamiliarity; it breeds contempt.

Religion is love and fear of the mysterious, the unexplainable; look for yourself, it is as hereditary as disease. Boys from 6 to 12 fall in love with boys; it comes and goes in a few hours or days, and is as intense as sex love while it lasts. It is the power of heredity—another name for familiarity. What will explain the love of the inhabitant of Greenland for his dreary home? Heredity—familiarity—look for the cause elsewhere and you will not find it. "A wise dispensation of providence to keep the race level," says the philosopher when a tall man marries a short woman. All rot. A race of giants is unnecessary; a race of dwarfs could not handle nature so well as the medium race now existent; the reason that the tall man marries the short woman is because their offspring survive and heredit the instinct; there's where you get the foundation of love. No dispensation about it. A level race is best fitted for conditions; and the fight is continuous to keep the race from differentiating. Differentiation means eternal war. So, you man with the Roman nose and receding chin, if you do not want to fall into the delicious passion of love keep away from the woman with the Grecian proboscis and the well-developed lower jaw. The race of animals is so old that we are governed by race instinct in everything we do.

The race has not been monogamous; that is the reason that the love of one does not hold. But in special cases it does, and that proves that in special cases it has been. Take the whole thing through it is a great subject, and that Mr. Noe should ask anyone to solve it pleased me immensely. But, then, let us try. Let us study nature intently, and, perhaps, we'll soon know how to make great friends with her.

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Vella Worden, who was sick for some time, is looking well and like herself again.

Johnny Adams is home again, having spent two months in Idaho. He has "brushed up" a good deal.

Mr. Medlock visited us this week. He is a member of the Brotherhood colony at Burley. He expressed himself as delighted with our location and is with us in ideas. Come again.

For some time Anna Odell was confined to her bed with a painful swollen ankle and, not getting any relief, she was taken to the Fannie Paddock hospital in Tacoma. They did their best to alleviate the pain but without success. The doctors decided it must be lanced and probably amputated. They cut it open and, finding that it was a bad case of tuberculosis, had to amputate the foot just above the ankle. This is the saddest occurrence that has befallen any of the comrades here. All has been done that could be done to make her suffering as bearable as possible.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 83 people here—23 men, 19 women and 41 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

THEY DROP IN FROM EVERYWHERE.

To DISCONTENT: The world is a very small place after all. Here am I in what I consider the "dropping-off" place (at least one can drop off more superfluities here than any other quarter of the globe I have ever been in) and along come friends unexpectedly from the the uttermost parts of the earth. Here, only last Sunday, from different directions, happened in G. W. Daniel and wife and G. W. Hoover. The latter comes from Kansas via Cape Nome, while the former comes from everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, tho' resident just now across the bay at Gig Harbor. The last time I saw any of these good folks they were separately pulling out from the land of Poco Tiempo cussing and discussing cooperation and Topolobampo. This is a different place and different climate, friends, and we are glad to welcome you to it. Come again; come often; come early and stay late! That's not only an invitation—it's advice. C. H. C.

RECEIPTS.

Leonhardt \$1, Ringgaard 50c, Orcutt 50c, Lodholm 50c, Matrosow 50c, Giboney 50c, Daniel 50c, Hoover 50c, Sines 10c.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Tuesday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be It remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association on the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.